And ſees hard by a butcher with an Axe,
But will ſuſpect twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the puttockes neſt,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the Kyte ſore with vnbloody beake?
Euen ſo ſuſpitious is this Tragedy.

*Qu.* Are you the Kyte *Bewford*, where's his talents?
Is *Suffolke* the butcher, where's his knife?

*Suffolke.* I wear no knife to ſlaughter ſleeping men,
Yet here's a vengefull ſword ruſted with eaſe,
That ſhall be ſcoured in his rancorous heart,
That ſlanders me with murthers Crimſon badge,
Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickſhire,
That I am guilty in Duke *Humfries* death.

*Exit Cardinal*

*War.* What dares not *Warwicke*, if falſe *Suffolke* dare him?

*Qu.* He dares not calme his contumelious ſpirit,
Nor ceaſe to be an arrogant controller,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twenty hundred times.

*War.* Madam be ſtill, with reuerence may I ſay it,
That euery word you ſpeake in his defence,
Is ſlander to your royall Maieſty.

*Suf.* Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord ſo much,
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
Some ſterne vntutor'd Churle, and Noble ſtocke
Was graft with Crab-tree ſlip, whoſe fruite thou art,
And neuer of the Neuels noble race.

*War.* But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I ſhould rob the deathſman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thouſand ſhames;
And that my ſoueraignes preſence makes mee mute,
I would falſe murtherous coward on thy knees,
Make thee craue pardon for thy paſſed ſpeech,
And ſay it was thy mother that thou meantſt:
That thou thy ſelfe was borne in baſtardy,
And after all this fearefull homage done,

Giue



Giue thee thy hire, and ſend thee
Pernicious blood-ſucker of ſleep
*Suf.* Thou ſhouldſt be waking
If from this preſence thou dare g
*War.* Away euen now, or I w
*Warwicke puls h*
*Exit Warwicke and Suffolke, and th*
*downe with Suffolke, downe with*
*the Duke of Suffolke and Warwi*
*King.* Why how now Lords
*Suff.* The traiterous *Warwick*
Set all vpon me mightie Souerai
*The Commons againe cries, do*
*Suffolke. And then ente*
*of Salisb*
*Salisb.* My Lord, the Commo
That vnleſſe falſe Suffolke here b
Or baniſhed faire Englands Ter
That they will erre from your hi
They ſay by him the good Duke
They ſay by him they feare the r
And therefore if you loue your ſ
They wiſh you to baniſh him fr
*Suf.* Indeed tis like the Comm
Would ſend ſuch meſſage to the
But you my Lord were glad to
To try how quaint an Orator yo
But all the honour Salsbury hat
Is, that he was the Lord Embaſſ
Sent from a ſort of Tinkers to th
*an anſwere fr*
*King.* Good Salsbury go backe
Tell them we thanke them all fo
And had I not bene cited thus by
My ſelfe had done it. Therefore
If Suffolke be found to breathe i
Where I haue rule, but three da



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